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THANKSGIVING.

Thanks be to God to whom earth owes
Sabbath and feast,
The peaceful hills, the vale's repose,
The rippling brook, the summer rose,
The many-colored trees.

Thanks for the darkness that reveals
Night's starry glow;
And for the subtle cloud that veils
The sun's fierce fire;
And for the rushing storm that peals
Our weakness and Thy power.

Thanks for the sweetly-languishing night
In music's tone;
For the knowledge whose calm light
Is all Thine own;
For thoughts that at the infant's
Fold their bright wings alone.

Yet thanks that silence oft may flow
In dew-like store;
Thanks for the stories that show
How small our love;
Thanks that we here so little know,
And trust Thee more.

Thanks for the wisdom that entwines
Our path below;
Each sunrise that incarnates
The cold, still snow;
Thanks for the light of love, that shines
With brightest earthly glow.

Thanks for the sickness and the grief
That none may flee;
For loved ones standing now around
The crystal sea;
And for the wondrous heart
That only rests in Thee.

Thanks for Thine own three-blessed Word
And Sabbath rest;
Thanks for the hope of glory poured
In manna's bread;
And for the comfort stored
Into the trembling breast.

Thanks, more than thanks, to Him ascend,
Who died to win
Our life, and every trophy rend
From death's domain;
Till, when the thanks of earth shall end,
The thanks of Heaven begin.

—Frances Ridley Herges.

POOR RELATIONS.

A Thanksgiving Story.

"Oh, Keziah, how I do wish we could have them!"

"So do I, Debby; but as wishing won't do any good, we might as well not think about it at all," said Miss Keziah, bent closer over her sewing, that her sister might not see the tears gathering in her eyes.

"They enjoyed it so much last year," said Miss Debby, plaintively. "I did not heart good to see those dear children eat, and I thought then that if we were spared they should come again this Thanksgiving. I know they won't have so much as a cranberry at home," and Miss Debby sighed; for she had a kind, warm heart, and was very fond of those poor relations of hers in Lynchfield.

"If another bad debt should be paid up just in time for Thanksgiving how we should rejoice!" said Miss Keziah, in a bright, energetic tone. "It wouldn't take us long to get up a big dinner. Do you remember, Debby, how surprised we were last year when that letter came, and the ten-dollar bill fell out in my lap? I never had thought Johnson would pay me. I remember how I reproached myself for the injustice I'd done him the five years he had been owing me."

"I remember," cried Miss Debby, "and how we had rowed to the boat, and we had to do everything in a day. And I wrote right off for Lavinia and the children before you'd fairly finished reading what Johnson had to say to excuse himself! Oh, Keziah, if only Cousin Kane would think to help us to a dinner this year; he's so rich, and—"

"But he won't think," interrupted Miss Keziah. "No, Debby, don't base your hopes on Cousin Kane. He can't have Lavinia this year, and we might as well make our minds up to it."

Poor old ladies! they had so few joys! There lives were so narrow, so dull, so filled with the monotony of unremittent labor. It was hard that on Thanksgiving-day they could not afford to have with them the niece they loved so well; and the children whose young voices were as music to their ears.

Miss Debby and Miss Keziah Allen lived together in a small cottage, which, with the few acres of land surrounding it, constituted their worldly possessions. Their father had left them an estate of considerable value; but neither sister had any idea of business, and both were impulsive, warm-hearted, and generous. So the property had dwindled away almost without their knowledge. They had sold acre after acre of land at ridiculously small prices, and had been reduced to a considerable extent by their phantoms, and therefore it surprised no one but themselves that they were reduced at last to the small cottage in the suburbs of the town which had been rented to a man who had formerly been Mr. Allen's coachman.

The sisters did not complain, and they blamed no one but themselves for the sad pass to which things had come. They led the small hotel where they had been boarding, and went to keep house in the cottage, where they could exercise the modest, plain economy without people being much the wiser. Miss Debby knit stockings, and made crocheted edging for the fancy stores, while Miss Keziah, who was five years younger, took in plain sewing. They had a stout, smart girl come every Monday to do the washing, but she was the work they did themselves, and they kept the cottage as neat as a pin.

They were happy, contented old ladies, in spite of their poverty and hard work, their only great regret being that they could do nothing to help their niece, that beloved Lavinia, who lived in Lynchfield, ten miles away, and had been blessed with eleven children.

Kane Allen knew just how poor his cousins were, and how hard it was for them to make both ends meet. He said they deserved to suffer for having had so little idea of business or regard for their own interests as to let the property their father had left drift away from them, and they could not reasonably expect or ask aid from him. He was a sour, close-fisted man, who had committed the folly of marrying late in life a woman many years younger than himself, who was fond of life and gaiety, and spent his money whether he liked it or not, and kept his house full of company both summer and winter, regardless of her husband's repeated assurances that he was "being eaten out of house and home."

Miss Debby's mind was so full of her disappointment in not being able to have Lavinia and the children at the cottage on Thanksgiving Day, that she could not give much thought to her niece, and she pressed her hand down in her lap and looked musingly out of the window by which she was sitting.

Suddenly she started to her feet, letting her work fall to the floor unheeded; for she had caught sight of the tall, angular figure of her cousin Kane.

was coming down the hard road with long, swinging strides; for though he owned several carriages and over a dozen horses, he generally preferred walking into town, his home being only a mile from Harroote, and vigorous exercise having been recommended for him by his doctor.

A sudden inspiration flashed into Miss Debby's mind as she saw her cousin. She left the room, threw her shawl over her head and shoulders, and without giving herself time to consider whether Keziah ought to be consulted or not, ran out into the frosty November air and stood waiting at the little garden gate until Squire Allen should come up. As he paused in his walk on catching sight of her, she cried out in a pleasant voice:

"Good morning, cousin, and a merry Thanksgiving to you."

"Merry!" repeated the old man in a gruff, surly tone. "It's very likely I'll be merry with a horse of my wife's race, coming to eat up the last crumb of bread in the house. What's the use of Thanksgiving, anyway? There's nothing to be thankful for that I can see. I suppose you and Keziah will have that Lynchfield crowd down here as you did last year? Well, everybody to his taste, of course."

"Poor Lavinia!" said Miss Debby, tremulously. "I do wish we could have them down this Thanksgiving. But we can't afford it, cousin. It would be a great pleasure, a very great pleasure to us, of course, but we can't see our way clear to do it," and Miss Debby's mind wandered to the small pantry in the cottage, where half a loaf of bread and a small piece of liver reposed in state.

"Humph!" said the 'Squire, with a grim smile spreading over his weather-beaten features. "You ought to have taken care of your money while you had it," and he was moving away as if the conversation was at an end, when Miss Debby called to him to "wait a moment."

"Well, what is it?" asked the 'Squire, impatiently.

Miss Debby was much too frightened to answer for a moment. She had had a purpose in coming out to meet him. She had intended to ask him to help them to a Thanksgiving dinner at home, and had never asked him for aid before, and had often said they never would; but now, for Lavinia's sake—and how disappointed those children would be if they didn't come to the cottage on Thanksgiving!

This thought gave Miss Debby courage.

"Kane," she said in a faint, faltering voice, "We would so like to have Lavinia and the children here on Thursday. Can't—won't—couldn't—her voice died away in an inarticulate murmur."

The 'Squire looked at his cousin's moment as if he doubted her sanity.

"I understand what you want to say," he said in a cold, hard tone. "I am used to such appeals from people who think I'm made of money. No; I can't, I won't, I couldn't," and with another of those grim, sarcastic smiles he walked away down the road, leaving Miss Debby covered with confusion.

She looked at her cousin with a full of regretful tears that she had humiliated herself for nothing.

She went into the house and told Keziah what she had done. She never thought of keeping her folly to herself. Miss Keziah was amazed at her sister's temerity, but she uttered no word of blame. She knew how earnestly Debby's heart was set on having a Thanksgiving dinner for Lavinia and the children, and she hadn't the heart to scold her for what she had done.

They talked the matter over for some time, and then both sisters settled to their work again. Their bread depended upon their industry, and they seldom wasted a minute through the day.

Suddenly there came a sounding knock at the front door. Debby sprang up, and looking from the window, saw a grocer's wagon at the gate.

"There's Dugby's wagon!" she cried. "There's Dugby's wagon! What can he want here?"

The sisters, in a state of some excitement, hurried to the door and opened it. There stood a boy with a basket full of packages of every shape and size.

"Allen, ma'am?" he inquired. "The gentleman ordered 'em, and said they was to be left without delay."

"For us?" asked Miss Keziah. "Who was the gentleman?"

Mr. Allen, ma'am, he said his name was 'Where shall I leave 'em?'"

"Bring them into the kitchen," cried Miss Debby, in a transport of joy.

The basket, which was a very large one, was soon emptied, and the kitchen-table heaped high with the parcels. The boy drove off in his wagon, and Miss Keziah picked up a receipted bill which had fluttered to the floor.

Eighteen dollars and fifty-seven cents, Debby," she exclaimed with a gasp of astonishment. "O, to think of the injustice we did him! How generous! How kind!"

"How glad I am I spoke to him," said Miss Debby, her eyes shining with happy tears. "I thought he meant to refuse me! And he went straight to Dugby's and bought all these things for us!"

"I bought that half-pound of tea in Dugby's yesterday," said Miss Keziah. "He has been open only a week, but he seemed to me to be a pretty good business man. I wonder if Cousin Kane means to take his custom away from Payson."

Payson was a grocer who had done business in Harroote for twenty years, and he had laughed scornfully when a young fellow named Dugby had announced his intention of opening a rival store. He thought himself too secure a foundation to be shaken by any new enterprise.

As the sisters talked they opened the packages with swift, but trembling fingers. Their eyes sparkled as luncheon, sugar, spices, raisins, apples, coffee, tea, butter, rice, eggs, pickles, cranberries, dried fruit, and other things too numerous to mention were disclosed to view.

"We only need the turkey now to have a complete dinner," cried Miss Debby. "And, Keziah, that three dollars we were saving—"

"We'll use it, of course," interrupted Miss Keziah, and got the biggest turkey we can find in Harroote. While I put on my bonnet and shawl, Debby, you write to Lavinia, and while I'm gone you can be stoning raisins for the cake, and measuring for the pie."

Miss Debby hastened away to write her letter of invitation, which Miss Keziah duly put into the post-office before she began her search for the turkey.

How busy the two old ladies were all that day and the next! And what delicious pies, cakes and other dainties were made by their skillful fingers, and the aid of their mother's old-fashioned recipe-book!

Early Thursday morning John Drew's big wagon, containing his wife and eleven children, who ranged in age from six weeks to sixteen months, stopped at the gate of the cottage; and then what a happy meeting took place! Such laughter, such kisses and lively chatter. Miss Debby could hardly "hear herself think," as she said the next day to Miss Keziah.

It was a merry party that gathered about the Thanksgiving dinner in the cottage. Miss Keziah had been obliged to put three of her largest tables together in order to make one large enough to accommodate all, and chairs were borrowed from every room in the house.

The turkey was roasted to a turn, the cranberries a solid, red jelly, and the big plum-pudding was eaten down to the last crumb. Cousin Kane's generosity was praised, songs were sung and pretty, simple pieces of poetry recited by the children when dinner was over. Everybody was happy, and when the big wagon drove away with its load just before dark the sisters declared to each other that they had never spent a more delightful day.

"And we owe it all to Cousin Kane," Miss Debby remembered to say: "and we must thank him the first chance we get."

So one morning about a week after Thanksgiving, when Miss Debby saw the 'Squire coming striding down the road, she ran out to meet him.

"Thank you, cousin, for the Thanksgiving dinner you gave us," she called out pleasantly.

The 'Squire had got just past the gate when the words reached him. He turned abruptly and faced Miss Debby, a curious look on his grim face.

"You are pleased," he said sarcastically, "to be without another word resumed his walk."

"Just like him," murmured Miss Debby, as she went back into the house. "He always was just so queer. I suppose he didn't want to be thanked."

The 'Squire had long kept an account at Mr. Payson's grocery store, which he settled every three months. One morning, the last day of January, he came into the room where his wife sat, in a passion of rage.

"What do you mean by telling me to order things, and then ordering them yourself?" he asked, angrily. "I won't supply this house from two stores! Here Payson has charged me for over twenty dollars' worth of groceries for Thanksgiving."

"Well," said Mrs. Allen, very quietly. "That is all right, but as they did not come, I concluded you were disinclined to entertain my relatives on Thanksgiving; so I said nothing about it, but sent to Payson's and ordered what I wanted myself."

"But I did order them, and not only that, but I paid for them, too!" cried the 'Squire. "I bought them at Dugby's new store, for it was more convenient for me. I was busy that day, and hadn't the time to go over to Payson's."

"Well, Dugby never sent me," replied Mrs. Allen. "You'd better see him about it."

"I shall," said the 'Squire, and that very morning he went into Harroote to attend to the matter.

The grocer at first insisted that the goods had been properly delivered; but when he came to cross-question his errand-boy, he found out the mistake that had been made, and that the parcels had been left at Miss Keziah Allen's cottage, instead of Mrs. Kane Allen's mansion.

"It's your mistake," said the 'Squire to Mr. Dugby, "and, of course, your loss. Hand me over my eighteen dollars and fifty-seven cents."

The grocer demurred, but the 'Squire was firm, and finally departed with the replaced money in his fat wallet.

He was hardly out of sight before Mr. Dugby went to the cottage and told Miss Keziah and Miss Debby the whole story.

"I am a poor man and just starting in business," he said in conclusion. "I can't afford to lose such a sum."

"And you shall not lose it," said Miss Keziah, who felt as if an icy hand was grasping her heart. "We are honest, though we are poor, and you shall have the money just as soon as we can get it together."

"O, Keziah!" wailed Miss Debby when she heard the man had gone. "How are we ever to save that much?"

"We must save it," answered Miss Keziah, firmly. "Where there's a will there's a way. We must economize and work harder, too."

"I can do without my tea," said Miss Debby, sighing. Her tea was almost a necessity to her.

"And we must give up butter, milk and meat," said Miss Keziah. "We can learn to do without them, and self-denial is good for everybody once in a while."

She spoke cheerfully and tried to make the best of things; but when Debby had gone out of the room she put her head down on the table and cried. Did they not make a hundred sacrifices every week of their lives, already? Had they not systematically practiced self-denial for years and years? It was hard indeed, to see where they could do more.

They spoke of their troubles to no one, but went to work bravely to make up the money they owed. Penny by penny they saved, and oh, how greatly they rejoiced when the last of April they were able to clear themselves of the terrible debt which had hung over them like a pall.

But they were weak and worn with the struggle. They were old, and not able to make sacrifices. They were young people might have done. Miss Debby's health had suffered greatly under the unaccustomed strain, and the day after the money was paid she fainted away in the front garden.

When she regained consciousness, her cousin Kane was bending over her, and she heard him ask Keziah what had made her ill. But Keziah did not answer. She was so tired, and would not speak of their troubles.

"Squire Allen did not ask the question a second time. He bade his cousins good-by and walked off up the road toward his home. But he had gone only a little way when the sound of some one running behind him made him stop and turn around. To his surprise he saw the girl who had so long done the washing in the garden when Miss Debby had fainted, and had heard the question he had put to Miss Keziah, which had remained unanswered."

She was an honest, warm-hearted creature, much attached to the two old ladies, and now she told the 'Squire the whole story of the sacrifices they had made, and the hardships they had undergone ever since Mr. Dugby's visit in January. And she told it with a simple eloquence which moved the 'Squire's heart as it had seldom been moved before.

He said nothing when she had finished, but she saw by his face that he was deeply moved, and she left him, satisfied that the two dear old ladies had seen their darkest days.

And she was right; for a week later Miss Keziah was startled and surprised by a visit from the 'Squire's lawyer, who had come to convey to her the delightful news that there was no future need for her or her sister to labor,

for their Cousin Kane had settled upon them an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year.

It seemed a large fortune to Miss Debby and Miss Keziah, who had known poverty and toil so long, and they could hardly believe at first that it was true. And they never knew what it was that had softened their cousin's heart toward them. They never imagined that he had learned how hard they had struggled to pay for that Thanksgiving dinner, which had made them so supremely happy for one day at least.

But there was no question of Thanksgiving dinner now. Grim poverty had forsaken the cottage forever, and not a year passed that its walls did not echo the merry laughter of Lavinia and Lavinia's eleven happy children. —Harriet H. Birney, in Chicago Standard.

Sleeping on the Wall Side.

A physician was lately called to prescribe for a young lady who lives in one of the most charming villas in Lynchfield.

"Nothing the matter with her," she declared, "nothing but terrible headaches." Every morning she waked with a headache, and it lasted nearly half the day. It had been going on for months—ever since they moved into their new house. The old doctor tried all the old remedies and they all failed. Ridding and archery were faithfully tested, study and practice were cheerfully given up. Nothing did any good.

"What you let me see your bedroom?" asked the doctor one day, and he was shown up into the prettiest little nest imaginable.

Nothing wrong about the ventilation. The windows were high and broad and left open every night, the patient said. The bed stood in one corner against the wall.

"How do you sleep?" says the doctor.

"On my right side at the back of the bed, with my face to the wall. Lou likes the front best."

"The dickens she does!" says the doctor. "So do I. Will you do me the favor to wheel the bed into the middle of the room and sleep so for a week? Then let me know about the headaches."

Doctors are so absurd! The middle of the room, indeed! And there were the windows on one side, and the two doors on the two other sides, and the mantel with its Macramé lambrequin on the fourth side. There was no place for the bed but just where it stood, in the corner.

"Never mind! Sacrifice your lambrequin," urged the doctor—"just for a week, you know."

The lambrequin was sacrificed, the bed moved where it had formerly stood on both sides, and the headaches disappeared.

It may be only an exceptionally delicate system that would be induced to actual headache by breathing all night the collected air from a wall. Yet possibly some of the morning dizziness we know of may be traceable to a like cause. At any rate, plenty of breathing space around a bed can only be an advantage to everybody.

In visiting three or four newly-built and beautiful houses recently, the late of a good feature for the bed was the most striking feature of the bedrooms. Some of these rooms were finished in shining mahogany, ebony, or walnut. Some were hung with rich modern tapestry. All were elegant and a few were airy. But in the most of the best of them, where was the bed to stand? A bay-window, perhaps, would occupy the middle of one side, another window another, a door another, a mantel-piece another.—Christian Union.

A Heavy Swell.

Jacob H. Bloomer, of Virgil, N. Y., writes: "Your THOMAS ELECTRIC OIL cured a badly swollen neck, and secured my son in forty-eight hours; one application also removed the pain from a very sore toe; my wife's foot was also much inflamed; so much so that she could not walk about the house; she applied the Oil, and in twenty-four hours was entirely cured."

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